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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1915.

German Misunderstanding Again CCORDING to our Washington dispatches, A diplomats customarily well informed think Germany's unsatisfactory reply to the President's note was inspired in part by fixed belief that this country is determined, in any event and at any cost, to remain at peace. If Germany actually holds this foolish theory, it may account for a good many things, but the theory may be accounted for itself only by recalling the monumental inefficiency of the German Foreign Cffice and diplomatic service generally.

Count von Bernstorff, the ambassador at Washington, knows better, and it is said he has been endeavoring to convince his government that the peace-at-any-price party is not strong in the United States. We shall hope for his success. Few in America want war with Germany or any other nation. America would avoid it in every way consonant with national dignity and honor.

But we shall not pay "any price." is all-desirable, but it can be acquired or preserved at too high a cost.

Boy Scouts at the Reunion

TOO much praise cannot be given the Boy Scouts for the work they are doing to make comfortable and happy the visit to Richmond of thousands of Confederate veterans. They are at the trains early and late, prompt with offers of advice, assistance and guidance, and withal so courteous and smiling and cheerful that they receive in an instant the confidence they deserve.

Every time we see the Boy Scouts in action we are won to new admiration for this remarkable movement. It capitalizes to useful purpose those activities of boyhood that result, when misdirected or neglected, in frequent disaster.

We feel very sure that many an old veteran will carry from this reunien a new and fragrant memory of boyish chivalry and kindness, for which the Scouts will have been responsible. They are aiding Richmond in the reception and entertainment of her guests, and they deserve the city's thanks, as well as the thanks of the veterans themselves.

The Air Raid on London

HE long-heralded Zeppelin raid on London has come at last, with a total result of some four persons killed, a larger number injured and various fires, three of which attained respectable proportions. No defensive works were damaged, no public building was struck by a bomb, absolutely no military purpose was served.

From this distance it would seem that the terror these raids inspire in advance is altogether out of proportion to the harm they actually do. As their purpose is terrorism, it might be better for Berlin not to make any raids at all, but constantly to fill the people of England with apprehension that a raid is imminent. Hysteria is so ill-justified by accomplishment that the raid, when it is made, wears al! the unpleasant aspect of anti-

There is not much use of discussing the covic of the German raid. Germany has decided that it is all right to drop bombs from the sky on private dwellings, and as London undoubtedly is fortified, it may be that the raids have technical justification in international law.

When Death Comes Home

"Sitting in his cell in the death-house at Sing Sing, he swayed from side to side, now weeping violently, then burst-ing into loud threats against those who had caused his conviction.

HO, reading Dickens and remembering Fagin, the debaucher of youth, in his terror when the punishment came home to him, or the hangman in "Barnaby Rudge," cool at murdernig others by the instrument of law, but terror-stricken to his soul when he himself came to his just end, can fall to think of these examples in fiction as the above quotation, sent broadcast by news agencies, describes the pitiable plight of Becker, the

police grafter and plotter of assassinations? If all that has been testified is true-and twelve men have said it is, in the main, and appeals have failed to es ablish anything to offset the verdict-there never was a more cold-blooded leader of blackmailers, grafters and assassins. Using his high police position as a club, he created a mesh of graft and crime that led to the murder of Rosenthal,

Becker's tools went to the chair with less agitation than he has begun to show in the realization that there is no hope, and that he must die. In this moment Becker, the master of murderers, the chief of the as-Eassins, who boastfully asserted his power over the underworld that did his bidding, finds himself in much the position of Fagin and Dennis. It has come home, and he is craven, as most men are craven who are cruel. Now he is writing a statement which will expose the whole miserable organization of crime,

will commute his sentence as a reward. But it is a barren hope.

Exiled from the sympathy even of those worse than himself, with no friend on earth who can help him, Becker is a sorry picture. It is well that his history be known. Every man who is letting himself slip might learn his own salvation from the plight of Becker. When death comes home, the wickedest man in New York, the boldest, most boastful, most cruel, most arrogant of knaves, finds himself "swaying from side to side, now weeping violently, then bursting into lou' threats against those who had caused his conviction."

Mexico Will Not Reform Herself

DRESIDENT WILSON has borne patiently with Mexico-borne not only the disorders its warring clans and rival revolutionists have created and the devastation they have wrought, but the angry and spiteful, and at times almost menacing, criticisms of his own countrymen. Now his much-abused endurance reaches the breaking point. He gives the parti-colored patriots distinctly to understand that they must either amend their ways, bring order to their distracted land or submit to the firm regulation that some one must supply, and that he will supply

The President's Mexican policy was born of an enlightened humanitarianism which amazes and rather offends, each time it is displayed, a jealous and distrustful world. His desire to do good because it is right, rather than because it is profitable, is something that the man of the world, whose code of ethics begins and sometimes ends with the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," can neither forgive nor understand.

The old-school statesmen laugh at it Altruism is all right for women, children and preachers, they believe, and may have occasional justification in the lives of ordinary men, but it has nothing to do with national policy. As to that:

Sufficeth them—the simple plan.
That he shall take who hath the power. And he shall keep who can.

So, naturally, they couldn't understand the President's views as to Mexico. There was every excuse to climb over the fence and get something, and, for the life of ther, they couldn't see why there should be any

Should Mr. Wilson decide to intervene in Mexico, his critics will hail this result as a vindication of their own wisdom and final proof of the President's folly. They will declare he should have intervened long ago; that his failure to do so then indicates weakness and his decision to do so now vacilla-

They will not comprehend his feelingthat, however, an increasing number of his fellow-countrymen have come to share-that even troubled Mexico was entitled to a chance to work out her own salvation. They will not understand because at bottom they are not democrats-with a small d at any rateand are quite as well satisfied with a government that is applied from without as with one that is evolved from within. They don't care a rap about a free Mexico; all they ask is a pacified Mexico. If the pacification is produced with the butt end of a rifle, they are yet perfectly content, the more especially as they have no intention of volunteering for the fight.

It would seem now that the rifle-butt method may have to be employed. Mexico needs it for herself, and-which is somewhat more important-Mexico's interminable broils have become dangerous and menacing to us. We cannot endure forever a political and revolutionary pesthole on our Southern border. The President, for many and valid reasons, has preferred to have Mexico find her own path to peace and safety; but if needs muct, we shall put her ourselves in the straight and narrow way.

Special Propaganda in Public Schools

THE question has arisen in Baltimore and other cities, and in time will reach Richwithout other consideration, is that the proper place for such instruction is in the home, in the daily life of the boy. Smoking, along with other objectionable practices among youth, may be prohibited in school or on school grounds as a matter of regulation, but it is not the first purpose of public schools to instruct in things other than those connected with fundamental education. Any destructive or injurious habit may be attacked, indirectly or incidentally, in the stated study of physiology, hygiene or any of the physical sciences, but to single out cigarettes or any other alleged vice for the satisfaction of those especially interested in suppression would be to divert attention from the necessary things.

Without doubt there is merit in the contention that cigarette-smoking, because of the wholesale availability of the article and the fact that cigarettes depend principally upon deep inhaling for their effect on the nervous system, interferes with application to studies, and should, therefore, be discouraged in and by the public-school system. But, again, that is a question of home training and influence, and no set of enthusiasts along this or any other line should be allowed to cloud the issue-which is, that the youth of America require, for their future success, the solid fabric of real education, with very

Now a mask has been invented to protect men from the deadly fumes of gas bombs. So fast as they make things to kill, some one invents a preventive, until one would think the inventors were in cahoots to make nations waste money.

This is the merry season when all the State agricultural colleges join their protest against underdone appropriations. And yet, we have the annual distribution of government seeds, and that should keep up interest.

A wide-awake German firm making artificial limbs is flooding France with catalogues offering to sell cork legs at a price below competition. This is the last straw in irony.

In Union Center, N. Y., Gregory Goode has just been married to Emmeline Prudence Damm, and every darned headliner in the country wrote it: "Damm-Goode Wedding."

An Oklahoma woman with a gun held up two Oklahoma bandits and made them divide recent loot, which, considering the vitality of present-day feminism, is some vindication.

The Pope denies that he forced the Vatican diplomats of Germany and Austria to leave. However, they probably didn't care to stay, it is said, in the hope that Governor Whitman | anyhow.

SONGS AND SAWS

Rebirth.

We hear to-day some old war song,
The world heard long ago,
And memory sweeps the years along,
To battle's ebb and flow. We see again the thin gray line
That flung itself in might
Through forests of shot-riddled pine Or stormed a mountain height.

"Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Remember Carroll's sacred trust, Remember Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy slumberers with the just, Maryland, my Maryland."

Yes, these songs fill the air to-day As fifty years ago hey burst forth from the proud array That met the stubborn foe. The voices of the men who sing Have lost youth's clarion peal, Yet still the deathless stanzas ring, Yet still youth's fire reveal.

"Sons of the South, awake! awake!
And strike for rights full dear as those
For which our struggling sires did shake Earth's proudest throne-while freedom

Baptized in blood of braggart foes. Awake! That hour hath come again."

Ah, knights who bore the Southern cross, Your glories are not past; The world that sorrowed for your loss Of hopes too fair to last, Is thrilled again to hear a song That it heard long ago.

As memory sweeps the years along, To battle's ebb and flow.

The Old Dominion State-

The Old Dominion State—
With the young Confed'racy
At length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example
Now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie BluThat bears a single star.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights hurrah! For Southern rights hurrah! Hurrah for the Bounie Blue Flag That bears a single star!"

Not Very Serious

"No." said the once musi-cal maid, firmly, "I could not sing even if you should ask me. I have given it up."
"But why?" asked the wondering friend.

"The doctor ordered it." "Is that all?" breathed the friend, with a sigh of relief.
"I was afraid it might have been the police."

The Pessimist Says: A reasonable amount o, curiosity is not always an undesirable trait. There are few persons more disagreeable than the man who will not listen to our stories of our children's brilliance.

A Pest—That's All.

Rain, rain, the heautiful rain—
My, but you give me a terrible pain!
You always come pouring and tumbling down
Right through the air and the streets of the town.
Just when quite nobody wants you around—
You worst of all pests that I ever have found.
THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

Just what it all means, we do not know, but here is what the Staunton News has to say: From a Maryland exchange we learn that a rabbit has slipped up on and bit a hunter. In view of this unfortunate occurrence, we wish to warn the citizens of Augusta that we have noticed from dispatches that fish are also biting. In case of attack, the public will remember this warning and blame us."

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot points a moral and adorns a tale in the following paragraph: "An army shoe lasts only six weeks, and Europe has millions of soldiers in the field. The prospect ought to be tinged with a reseate hue for New England in general and for Massachusetts in particular."

Bristol is in a bad way, and the newspaper of that town is in a much worse way-that is, the part of it that moves and has its being on the Virginia side of the line. The conclusion above indicated is justified by the following from the mond, as to whether the public schools may Bristol Herald-Courier: "The publication of be used for the instruction of youth in the Sunday newspapers is not prohibited in other cities and towns that have Sunday closing laws. Only a few cities and towns have closing laws, probably for the reason that such laws, if not contrary to the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the United States, are not in consonance with it.

> The ugly Newport News Times-Herald, without daring to give the name or the initial of its informant, says; "'An Old Vet' complains that the Confederates are likely to be a side attraction in the reunion in Richmond this week; but the old vets cannot hope to compete with the young sponsors." No old vet has said anything of the kind. If there was one on the earth who thought it, and he was in Richmond this week, he has changed his mind. Here, this week, the old yet has certainly been in command, and no one dared to question his right

Current Editorial Comment

Reaching a Lame Conclusion

As a social gathering the Pan. American Financial held at Washington through last week was a success. Nor is success of this kind without i

value in laying the groundwork for larger trade relations. But the great immediate problem before the conference was left at the end hanging in the air as it was at the ning. "It is the sense of the conference improved ocean transportation facilities een the countries composing the Pan-American Union has become a vital and impera tive necessity." It will doubtless interest Senators and subsidists who defeated the administration's ship-purchase bill last winter that the South American delegates to the conference were practically a unit on the requirement of government action to meet this "vital and imperative necessity." Their own governments were ready to assume a share of the enterprise. But the hands of our government had been tied, We presume those South American delegates know as much of the needs of the situation as American editors who talk of ships following trade against trade following ships. This is right as a general rule, but when a world war is trying to force into our hands a great European trade with Latin America and is holding or sinking the ships that carried it, what then? What is private "enterprise" going to do about it now that government action has been killed off the command of old subsidy?--New

Wedding Bells Ring

Now comes lovely, love-lader June—the month of blushing brides and—well, the bridegrooms are usually still more crimson of face, unless they are chalk-white with fear. "In the spring a -you know the rest—and in June,

he most often gets his ideal—or whatever you may call her. Why the poet should have limited those spring "thoughts of love" to the mere masculine is not quite clear, unless he meant to infer that a young girl's "fancy" turned seriously in the same direction all through the year. But let the scoffers scoff. However comical "love's young dream" may seem at times to he most often gets his ideal-or whatever cal "love's young dream" may seem at times to the oldsters, it is, after all, the sweetest and the realest thing in life, and the most appealing. It is the one real glimpse of heaven that we poor earthworms get here below, and poor indeed is he or she who has never known its joy. Sometimes the dream fades into a drab reality, or

worse. Its ecstasy is at best but transient. Men find they have not married the angels they supposed, and brides soon discover that their liege lords are not the noble super-men they thought them. But love, albeit saner and less idyllic, persists in a vast majority of American homes, and love is the greatest fact in human existence—the greatest gift vouchsafed to man from high heaven. Let the wedding bells ring out!—Baltimore Sun.

War News Fifty Years Ago

(From Newspaper Files, June 2, 1865.)

A new general military order has been issued. It is designated general order No. 8. There are so many general military orders that it is very hard to keep up with them. But this particular one goes on to say that clergymen and magistrates are instructed to properly inform and instruct the negroes in regard to the status they ought to hold, "in the sight of God and man." in the matter of marital relations. The order reads in a peculiar way, and leaves it upon the mind of the unsophisticated negro that to be really married he must waltz up before a Federal official, pay a \$2 fee and call himself and herself legally married. There are Federal officials who are doing the marriage business by the wholesale, performing as many as twenty-five ceremonies at one time and all in a line, at ceremonies at one time and all in a line, at \$2 per ceremony.

All kinds of people are doing fast things in All kinds of people are doing fast things in the way of calling on Governor Pierpont, the so-called Governor of Virginia. Among those who doffed their hats before His August Majesty yesterday were W. R. Richardson, late adjutant-general of Virginia; Hon. C. B. Ball, of Loudoun County, and Dr. Stribling, president of the Asylum of the Insane at Staunton.

The farcical trial of the alleged conspirators The farcical trial of the alleged conspirators is going on at Washington, and going on in a very slow way. The Washington papers carry some very long-drawn-out details of one kind and another, but up to the present writing there have been no new developments.

Noah Walker & Co., of Richmond and Baltimore, principally of Baltimore, because they deserted Richmond as soon as the fighting commenced in 1861, have come back to the old stand, and will open up some kind of a clothing house. They are looking for the clippings after the drappings.

The recent freshets that have flushed all of the rivers and the creeks in Virginia seem to have had much more effect in Prince George County than elsewhere, so far as heard from. Several mills have been washed down in that

The reports of the crime of rape that are coming in from all parts of Virginia and from all parts of the South are terribly distressing. The law that was once called the "order of lynch" is to be invoked. It has already been invoked, and the men who were the gray uniinvoked, and the men who were the gray uniform, and are supposed to be under a kind of parole, are not going to regard that parole, if it forbids work under the order of "lynch." The white women of the South are going to be protected by law if possible, without law if need be.

Two negroes guilty of the south. Two negroes, guilty of the crime of rape, were hung by their necks in Campbell County last

The Voice of the People

Rear Guard of the Confederacy.

Rear Guard of the Confederacy.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The rear guard of the army of the Southland—the men of Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Shiloh, the Bloody Angle and Cold Harbor, will pass in review on the hallowed ground of a historic capital. The heart of Richmond and the cheering thousands will swell with pride, and the heart of each veteran will beat faster in response to the magnificent welcome. And so with their ranks closed as gallantly as of yore, with the decimating years hanging on their flanks, their brave old eyes shining true, with heads held high despite the snows that crown them, the old veterans will march in close order to-morrow beneath the silken folds of the Bonnie Blue Flaz.

And here will be battle flags tattered and torn with shot and shell, and begrimed with powder and smoke, but each rent will tell its dramatic story of battle, and each stain mark an emblem of glory.

Richmond will gaze with pride upon the superb spectacle as she sheed a silent tear of affection for the "boys" who stood like a "Stonewall" in her defense and who flinched not amid the death song of the rife balls and the wild shricking of the bursting shells.

I see in fancy Stonewall Jackson advancing at the head of his legions, as rising in his stirrups he waves his sword, and his voice ringing above the din of battle, "Virginians, follow me" When the Stonewall Brigade charged the earth trembled with the impact of his wild battalions, and the welkin cracked with the shrill terror of the "rebel yell" in the name of the god of battle.

Good-by, old "vet." The end of your long and loft burstone ment of the wild soul ment of the god of battle.

Good-by, old "vet." The end of your long and loft burstone of the wild soon come when a moving volume

battle.

Good-by, old "yet." The end of your long and lofty life will soon come when a moving volume of human history will be closed and clasped. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors, you will bear to the grave the blessings of a united country and a record without the spot of an unknightly deed.

The layer will draw eternal feet.

country and a record without the spot of an unknightly deed.

The laurel will draw eternal freshness from the cypress with which it will be twined; the artist will enshrine your form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel; poets will hymn the heroic pathos of your life in thrilling epic strains, and the sweetest of lyrics will tell to posterity the story of the chivalric Confederate—an American, proud of his country that was, and ever will be proud of him.

And when a hundred generations shall have rolled by, right and duty will still speak to the Confederate man and be obeyed, and in the great Southern heart hope still singing her victorious song.

A hundred years from now the praise of the Confederate soldier will find universal echo in the heart of the civilized world.

A hundred, a thousand years from now, men's hearts will leap up when they behold the monuments of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Culpeper, Va., May 30, 1915.

Confederate Ideals of War.

Confederate Ideals of War.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir.—For the benefit of the present generation
I wish to give you an account of a war incident
of the year 1864, when the Army of Northern
Virginia, under General Lee, and the Army of
the Potomac, under General Grant, were facing
each other on the Southside.
General Grant's headquarters were at City
Point, and that was the base of his supplies.
Colonel Thomas H. Carter, of the Second Corps
of the Army of Northern Virginia, had been
ordered by General Lee to remain on the north
side of the James River with several battalions
of artillery, and was directed to annoy the
enemy's transportation in James River, below
City Point. On one occasion he took three of artillery, and was directed to annoy the enemy's transportation in James River, below City Point. On one occasion he took three batteries of artillery to a bluff below Willcox Landing, on James River, some distance below City Point. He placed the batteries at night, concealing them with brush. At daylight the next morning they were ready to attemy to annoy the enemy. For several hours nothing passed up or down the river in this locality, but later in the day a large passenger steamer came up James River, bound for City Point, loaded down with troops. Nothing could be seen on her as the steamer approached except soldiers. The guns were all sighted for her and the command "ready" was given as the steamer got in close range. Just as the men were about to fire two women walked out on the upper deck of the steamer and began looking around the country. Colonel Carter ordered the men not to fire, saying. "We are fighting armed men, not women." It was afterwards ascertained that there were more than 300 commissioned officers on that steamer, and that those two women were the only noncombatants aboard.

The above incident can well be contrasted with the action taken in regard to the Lusitania. In one case chivalry and humanity prevailed. In regard to the other I wish to make no comment, leaving that for others.

Richmond, June 1, 1915.

Queries and Answers School Salaries.

How may I learn the amount of salary of principals of grammar and high schools in Vir-Such a record is kept in the office of the State Superintendent in Richmond and in the office of each district superintendent for his

Richmond.

What was the former area of Richmond? What is its present area? RUFFNER SCHOOL

The present area is twenty-four and one-third square miles. The figures usually published just before were eleven square miles. In 1914 the figures were five and one-half square miles, etc. Must one stand an examination to be licensed

as a plumber in Richmond?
P.
Yes. You can get full information from the Plumbers' Examining Board, City Hall.

ANYTHING TO WIN!

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



-From the New York Evening Sun.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL LEE By Edward V. Valentine.

Possibly if I were asked to name the most characteristic feature of General Robert E. Lee, who sat for me for a bust in 1870, my answer would be." A complete absence of the melodramatic in all that he said and did." And I may add that an artist, above all other men, and of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the Mexican War. I was also and an of the work was progression to the world was progression and an of the world was progression and an of the world was progression and the world w add that an artist, above all other men, is quick to observe the faintest suggestion of posing; the slightest indication of a movement or an expression

—of his teacher, Weir, at West Poin and of the Mexican War. I was also much interested in hearing his comments on persons and things of a more recent date.

Every artist of experience in no-

and only on one occasion did General
Lee make the slightest remark in regard to the likeness which would lead

Andrew Jackson would consider h
claim as minister to England. In repl
the man was told that there was a
gard to the likeness which would lead
ready a minister at the court of S me to believe that he had critically be sent as secretary of legation, but was told that that office was also filled work, and this was when the bust was Then he wished to be sent as constitution but there was no vacancy. "We

preliminary step, yet it was on that occasion that I experienced for the first time his quiet sense of humor. During the conversation I had with him on that day I spoke of how my fortunes had changed since the war, possibly with the expectation of hearing some very sympathetic words from him; but to my surprise he simply remarked that "an artist ought not to have .oo much money." I am sure that he had at the moment no concention of the condition. moment no conception of the condition har to those which I have often worked of my purse, for in less than ten days from, though I have found difficulty hafter this conversation I had to borrow getting a man of any size who could from a relative the necessary funds to pose in them for me. They were which I have mentioned. Maybe, however, it was for my consolation that
later in the conversation he said, "Misfortune nobly borne is good fortune."

I have mentioned, Maybe, howpair he gave me is No. 4 1-2 C, and
they are dress boots. Written on the
lining is the following: R. E. Lee

Outlook, At the moment I thought the sentiment vas original with him, but some time after his death while my wife was reading aloud the "Meditations of Mar-cus Aurelius," I discovered that it was a quotation from that author. rate, no more appropriate epitanh could

ginian. I remarked that I would go to Lexing-ton then or in the fall, and he replied after the close of the Civil War, when that he would have more time at the then. The fact of his appointing an early date for the sittings made the impression on my mind that the impression of the pression on my mind that he was at the moment thinking of the uncertainty of life. Had I waited until the fall, possibly I should never have had him pose for me. He died October 12. On June 3, 1870, I left Richmond for

Lexington by way of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, going via Goshen Pass, made ever memorable by the words of another great Virginian. Commander of another great Virginian. Commander Matthew Fontaine Maury, who on his deathbed asked that his remains be taken through this beautiful defile "when the laurels are in bloom." I ar-rived in Lexington by stage early the next morning, and called on General Lee at his residence. He was very kind in his manner; showed me the portraits hanging on the wall; and then I start ed to seek a room where I might model the bust. After an unsuccessful search for this temporary studio, I reported to the general, who possibly from my manner saw that I was disappointed in not finding one. At any rate, he said.
"You can work in here," speaking of the room on the left in the front hall. I at once remarked that there was a carpet on the floor. "I will have that taken up," e said. But I preferred not to accept his kind offer, and in a further hunt I found a vacant store under the hotel on the main street. Un-fortunately, it had been closed I know not how long, and I feared the dampness. Although it was in June, I had a fire lighted, for I had noticed that the general would put his hand on his breast from time to time, probably suf-fering with a heart trouble that fol-lowed an attack of pneumonia after the battle of Fredericksburg.

The day of my arrival the genera walked with me up into the town Stopping at a store where he espied an acquaintance (Mr. Archibald Alex-ander), he said. "Mr. Archie, here is a young gentleman from Richmond who has come to make a bust of me. I wish you would sit for him." All such jokes could but be reassur-

ing to me, and I began to feel less dread at being closeted for days with this great man. After the sittings began we were in reality closeted. I had been requested by him not to allow any one to come into the room—"no one but Professo White and my son Custis," he said

work, he gave me every advantage.

which smacks of vanity he is sure to detect. Such weaknesses (which, as far as I know, are shared by many who are called the "great ones" of the world) were totally lacking in General Lee.

In my diary (which, with the omission of a single entry, I have kept since 1857) I have endeavored to note down the very words of my sitters at times; and only on one occasion did General in an unfinished condition.

On the 25th of May, 1870, General Lee was at my studio in Richmond, and it was my privilege to make accurate measurements of his face for the bust. His stay in the city was a short one. I was able to take only this important preliminary step, yet it was on that occasion that I experienced for the first procession that I experienced for the first process.

The Good Old Rebel By Innes Randolph.

(The following verses, which were se to music, and formed one of the favor Just before parting with the general ite songs of the generation now nearly written almost immediatel the South was in the throes of recon

> Now that's just what I am: For this "fair Land of Freedom I don't care a dam. I'm glad I fit against it— I only wish we'd won And I don't want no pardon For anything I've done

Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,

I hates the Constitution. This great Republic, too; I hates the Freedmen's Buro,

In uniforms of blue. I hates the nasty eagle,
With all his brag and fuss;
The lyin', thie in' Yankees.

I hates 'em wuss and wuss I hates the Yankee Nation

And everything they do; I hates the Declaration Of Independence, too. I hates the glorious Union 'Tis dripping with our blood; I hates the striped banner—

I fit it all I could. I followed old Mars' Robert

For four year, near about, Got wounded in three places, And starved at Pint Lookout And started at Inc.

I cotched the roomatism
A-campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance of Yankees—
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees Is stiff in Southern dust; We got three hundred thousand Before they conquered us. They died of Southern fever And Southern steel and shot:

I wish it was three millions Instead of what we got. I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more,
But I ain't agoin' to love 'em,

Now that is sartin sure. And I don't want no pardon For what I was and am; I won't be reconstructed And I don't care a dam.

His Winnings 6 Cents and 2 Halos. (Detroit Free Press.)
T. R.'s batting average in the libel ourts is still 1.000.

That suited me exactly. Seeing the earnest maner in which I went to the And One That Isn't of Paper. (Chicago News.) carefully studied the face, and told him I would like to see his mouth. He knew

Europe seems to have had several scraps of paper.